Number 22
November 15, 1979
St. Albert the Great

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES

BY FATHER DANIEL E. JONES • BOX 89, WESTCLIFFE, COLORADO 81252 • (303) 783-2491

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St Therese of Lisieux in the Carmelite cloister just 3 months before she died.

The AUTOBIOGRAPHY of ST. THERESE

IF ST. THERESE'S "LITTLE WAY of Spiritual Childhood" is known throughout the world it is due in no small measure to the world-wide circulation of her autobiography, which originally was titled, "The Story of a Soul." John Beevers in the introduction to his translation of St. Therese's autobiography claims with good reason that this book is "the great best seller of this century."

"When we pick up **The Story of a Soul** we are handling something akin to a miracle. We have a book which was never written as a book. It was scribbled very quickly and produced in three parts, each addressed to a different person. Much of it was written when its author knew she was dying and was suffering all the pain and distress of a fatal illness. Now it is the most widely read book of spirituality in the world and is acclaimed by popes for the sureness of its teaching. . . . As St. Therese sat in her cell and wrote, her companion was the Holy Spirit. Her book was divinely inspired, not, it must be understood, as Holy Scripture was inspired, but inspired as perhaps no other book has been."

This is true even though the style at times smacks of saccharine sweetness, and its authoress makes no pretence of being an accomplished writer. Despite its style, which is more the product of that particular time in France, Beevers points out: "there burns a fierce, exultant flame of holy passion, and it is this passion which grips the reader—sometimes at once, but nearly always after a second or third reading."

This fire has inflamed many famous personages. One of these was the famous Chinese scholar, Doctor John C. H. Wu. He wrote after his conversion to the Catholic faith: "Dante was my guide to the threshold of the Church, but the ones who made me cross it were the most holy Virgin and her little daughter, St. Therese of Lisieux."

When Dr. Wu was a Methodist someone gave him a copy of the autobiography. When he read it, he found that it expressed perfectly the more profound convictions he had about Christianity, and exclaimed: "If this Saint represents Catholicism, I do not see any reason why I should not be a Catholic."

News and Views

In January 1973 the IMMACULATA magazine published a special issue honoring the centenary of the birth of the Little Flower. My cover photo and story are taken from that magazine which used to be one of the best. I let my subscription expire when it became evident that its editorial policy was turning openly in support of the new "Conciliar Church". But, back in that same January 1973 issue on page 13 I found it interesting to reread an analysis made in an article on Blessed Maximilian Kolbe:

Much less can we let up today when the battle rages with forces attacking the Church not only from the outside by also, and more so, from within.

It is striking to note how closely an analysis of the actual situation facing the Church and the world today parallels the analysis made by

Continued next page . . .

● NEWS AND VIEWS continued from page 1

Blessed Maximilian of the penetration and influence of Masonry and laicism in his times.

Blessed Kolbe wrote of the effort to "eliminate totally the supernatural world." This effort, he said, was carried forward by an "anti-church founded in the first place on naturalism, which tends not indeed towards God, but towards earthly goals exclusively, and which seeks to build up a new order with human efforts alone."

I wonder if the new "Conciliar Church" is not that "anti-church" described by Blessed Kolbe? And will the popular head of the new "Conciliar Church", John Paul II, do anything seriously to alter the course of post Vatican II naturalistic policies? If his visit and speech to the United Nations this October is any indication, the answer, I'm afraid, is no. We will see.

FATHER KHOAT AND SISTER PIA

St. Therese of Lisieux, Patroness of the Missions, wanted to be sent to the Carmel in Hanoi. Now so many Vietnamese Catholics have been forced by Communism to flee their mission homeland, and some of them find themselves doing mission work in America. Two of those missionary Vietnamese are featured in this newsletter. I had a chance to visit with Father Khoat and Sister Pia on a number of occasions this year. I was very impressed by the virtuous attitude, humble faith and leadership capabilities displayed by both of them.

MICHAEL DAVIES

Michael Davies of England was in Colorado for a week at the end of August. I think he really enjoyed our majestic mountain scenery and the peaceful warmth of the folks he met along the way. In any case he had a chance to relax a little from his hectic pace and even caught up on a few winks of sleep. We are grateful to him for his many excellent written works in connection with the traditional Catholic cause.

WESTCLIFFE

The Westcliffe area has enjoyed some beautiful fall weather. They tell me that the mountain hay crop was exceptionally good this year. I've noticed that a lot of folks are stockpiling firewood. I hauled in three pickup loads in ol' Zeke (my 1941 Chevy) from a nearby sawmill. When I get time I plan to bring in a couple of more loads. It may or may not be a severe winter, but we're getting prepared in any case.

FATHER FENTON

The ORCM situation is still unresolved as I'm writing this. An unidentified National Board of the ORCM put out a newsletter from Connecticut which was apparently designed to try to put Father Francis E. Fenton, Mr. John Fragale, myself, and others in a bad light. The lead articles of that publication sadly presented misleading information and grave distortions of the truth. Father Fenton published a general letter dated October 16th and in the near future may well send out another mailing or two, which should clear the air considerably. Father's new address is P.O. Box 6827, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80934. He has announced his intention to begin publishing an 8-issue per year newsletter in 1980 at a subscription price of $6.00 a year.

SOCIETY OF ST. PIUS X

Judging from an article in the October 4th issue of THE WANDERER and from other pertinent sources of information, it would seem that the set-up of the Society of St. Pius X in the United States may be in more hot water than the ORCM. C'est la vie! I'm confident, though, that God is working some unexpected good from these trials which so many faithful Catholics are currently enduring. We must be patient and persevere.

TERESA L. BENNS

Don't miss Teresa L. Benns' fine article "Growing Up Catholic in Smalltown, U.S.A." on pages 6 and 7. Mrs. Benns is a member of Our Lady of Victory "parish" in Aurora, Colorado.

As I Grow Old

God keep my heart attuned to laughter
When youth is done;
When all the days are gray days, coming after
The warmth, the sun.
God keep me then from bitterness,
from grieving,
When life seems cold;
God keep me always loving and believing
As I grow old.

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES is edited and published four times a year by Father Daniel E. Jones. Although your editor is a member of the Orthodox Roman Catholic Movement, this publication is not an official organ of the O.R.C.M.

★★★★ SUBSCRIPTIONS ★★★★

Subscription: $3.00 for one year or $5.00 for two years. Extra copies of this issue are available @ 5 for $2.00. Write: SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES, P.O. Box 89, Westcliffe, Colo. 81252.

The number at the upper right hand corner of your address label on the back page tells the year through which your subscription has been entered. For example 1979 on your label means that you will be receiving all issues of the S.D.C.N. published during 1979. Or a 1980 on your label means you are paid up through December of 1980.

THE RESURRECTION CHURCH IN PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS

By William T. Comiskey

History repeats itself. French speaking missionaries return to East Texas and Louisiana. Something new has been added; these priests also speak Vietnamese.

Father Peter Khoat and his Godfather, Father Tung, are now ministering to the needs of Catholic people from Baton Rouge, Louisana to Port Arthur, Texas. Sunday Masses are said in Baton Rouge, Lafayette and Lake Charles. Masses are said daily and two Masses are said on Sunday at the Resurrection Church in Port Arthur, Texas.

The Resurrection Community was formed by six hundred Vietnamese Refugees led by Father Khoat. These people wished to stay together for self-protection and to keep their customs, traditions and Catholic Faith. The policy of the U.S. Government is to break these people up and scatter them out so they can be more quickly assimilated into "Modern" society.

Many difficulties were experienced in the purchase of the church property. The Bishop promised the Vietnamese their own Parish and when they selected a building, the Diocese would not help with the purchase. The Vietnamese formed a corporation, bought a used Baptist Church and Father Khoat was given a Suspension. The Vietnamese were without Mass or Sacraments for seven months but they kept their Faith and their new church property and prayed every day.

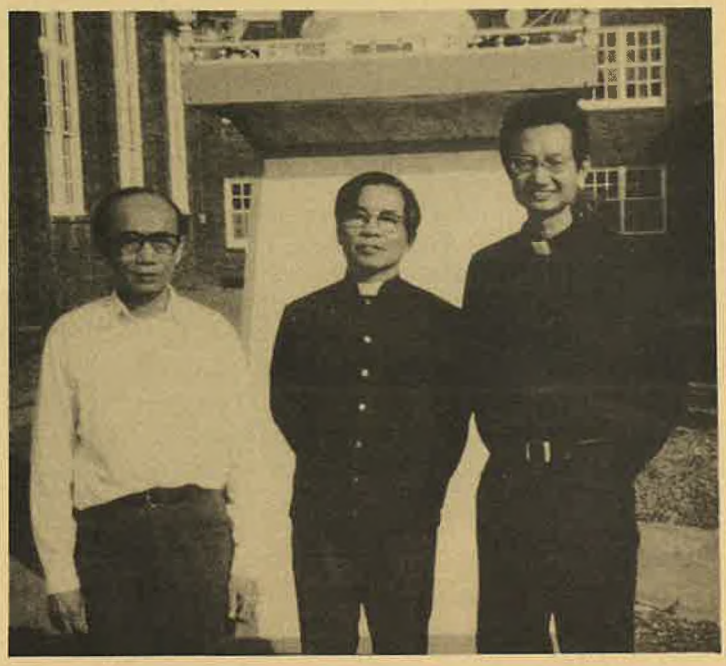
RESURRECTION CATHOLIC CHURCH
2701 Procter Street
Port Arthur, Texas 77640

Father Khoat did much reading, letter writing and praying. Quo Primum, Canon Law, Archbishop Lefebvre and unanswered appeals all the way to Pope Paul VI convinced Father Khoat that the Suspension applied to the Novus Ordo Ecumenical Supper and this did not effect him because what he desired was to Offer the Holy Sacrifice of the True Mass in Traditional Latin. The first Tridentine Mass was offered in the Resurrection Church on Christmas Day 1977.

A large statue of the Blessed Virgin was blessed on December 8, 1978. Father Tung, four orphan children and two ladies who have worked for the church for years were obtaining their Passports at the same hour the people in Port Arthur were praying to the Blessed Mother. No one really knows how Father Tung obtained immigration priority, papers, passports or plane tickets, but three days later these people were in Port Arthur.

Father Tung escaped from Vietnam in the Spring of 1978 because of Communist threats on his life. One of the things that eased the Communist takeover of Vietnam was the Vatican's policy of cooperation and accommodation with Communism. It took only one week to convince Father Tung that Pope Paul VI was right when he said, "The smoke of Satan has entered the Vatican". The Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve was a joyous occations with a Solemn High Mass with Fathers Khoat, Tung, Hvyen and Dinh along with a choir of beautiful Vietnamese children.

The Vietnamese people have been Catholic for many, many years. They have faithfully preserved many of the Catholic Traditions and Ceremonies which Americans lost years ago. Visitors to Port Arthur will find it a joy and a blessing to visit the Resurrection Catholic Church at 2701 Proctor Street, along with Father Khoat, his father, his Godfather and these lovely people.



Left to right: Father Khoat's father, Father Tung, and Father Peter Khoat.

Gene, Rita, George, and Steve Faul: a dedicated traditional Catholic family largely responsible for the existence of Our Lady of the Rosary Chapel near Opelousas, Louisiana. Father George Musey of Dickinson, Texas, flys in twice a month to offer Mass for them.

Sister Pia Thuc-Nhien and her dear deceased father Mr. Paul Nguyen-Gia Hue. Sister Pia, who has her training as a nursing nun in the Daughters of Mary Immaculate, left Vietnam on May 11, 1975, arrived in Malaysia on May 16, 1975 where she stayed for three months on Perhentian Island. She finally made it to Camp Pendleton, California where she stayed a month before going to live with the Sisters of Mercy on Long Island, N.Y.. After eight months with them, Sister Pia moved to Connecticut where she currently lives and works.

Above you see a boat just like the one which Sister Pia took from Vietnam to Malaysia. She spent three months there in a refugee camp. She is pictured on the far right in both photos. In all, seven nuns of her congregation finally made it to the United States. One who didn't, and who is still living in Siagon, is Sister Marie Agnes (cf. SDCN #11).

On the far left you see Sister Pia in the traditional habit of her order. In the other photo she is the one with a coat on. That picture was taken the day of her arrival at Camp Pendleton, California. After Sister moved to Connecticut she managed to find a secretarial job for a couple or so years. When I met her this summer, she had just been hired for social work by Catholic Charities in Hartford. She must put in long, tiring hours at her job. She lives with another nun in a very, very modest apartment at 23 Waterville St., Waterbury, CT 06710. Someday I think she would like to come out west.

Growing Up Catholic in Smalltown, U.S.A.

By
Teresa L. Benns

I was just entering third grade the year my parents decided to move us to "Smalltown." I'm not sure why we moved there but I imagine the presence of a good Catholic school and the low rentals to be found in such a small town were the two main inducements. My feeling of community and old-fashioned togetherness was heightened from the beginning of our three-year stay there and, to this day, my brothers and sisters and I hold a special place in our hearts for the little town.

The church itself was a small stucco building, sporting many cracks, with a basement that served as a parish hall. The magnificent statue of St. Michael, for whom the church was named, dominated the inside and gave an almost ominous significance to the prayers at the foot of the altar after Low Mass.

At the time of our move the girls in our family outnumbered the boys three to one. My mother, fearing for my brother's manhood with such bossy girls, wished with all her heart to have another boy. I can remember so well praying to our Lord, begging Him to let us have another baby in our house. (Our youngest had just turned two and seemed utterly ancient!) He heard all our prayers and answered them so splendidly. Our little brother, Michael David, was born a year later, the finest specimen of a brother anyone could hope to have. We spoiled him horribly. I can remember skipping all three blocks of the way to school, my braids jerking convulsively, with the happy news of his birth. Now, the little white house with the wrap-around porch seemed crowded. Mother's kitchen had few cabinets and making meals and sterilizing bottles became a real chore. But the house, despite its drawbacks, seemed quite cozy to me. The bedrooms were off to one side of the dining room and were heated by a gas stove that stood in the center of the house. I can never remember being cold, but I remember so well the time the birds decided to nest in the stove pipe. Dad carefully took the pipe apart so they wouldn't fall down into the hot stove, and retrieved the nest. We tried in vain to nurse the fledglings and cried, of course, when they died. How sad, when they only wanted to keep warm!

St. Michael's grade school served a largely rural area and many of our classmates came in to school from surrounding farms. The school was quite modern compared to the church and, although there were three grades to one room, my education never suffered. I often marvel at the feats the nuns (Sisters of St. Joseph) performed. There were often 30-36 children per classroom and yet we all seemed to thrive under their tutelage. They could take children without benefit of kindergarten and teach them to print their names, sound out their phonics, memorize their religion and read, all in one year. Teachers in today's public schools cannot accomplish all that in two years! Of course, devotion to the teaching profession and to God can accomplish many things.

My best friend throughout my years at St. Michael's was Mary Lee. I was privileged to visit the farm once and found myself amazed at how much work the children were expected to do. I was so lazy in comparison, complaining if I had to clean my room, that I felt ashamed. They did the work cheerfully and, with eight children to help, it wasn't quite so bad. The biggest surprise of our relationship came one day when our mothers began discussing relatives and discovered we were distant cousins! It made things that much more special for us. I often wonder about Mary Lee. I heard from her years ago, some time after my family had moved to Colorado. I kept meaning to answer that letter but I could never figure out exactly what to say. Mary Lee, where are you?

I think what made St. Michael's such a special church was its special priest. A pastor more saintly would be hard to locate, especially in this day and age. His air of humility and quiet authority commanded respect and yet I never heard him raise his voice. If the big boys at the farm acted up, all that was needed were a few words of reproach from Father and they squirmed, red-faced in their seats. And yet, Father definitely had a sense of humor and enjoyed an amusing situation immensely. He set us a marvelous example and led us like a true shepherd. I wonder where he was when they butchered our centuries-old liturgy, and gave us that Trojan horse, the Novus Ordo Mass. It pains me to think he may have let it go without a struggle, the Mass he taught us to revere and love.

I can remember it all so well. Selling Holy Childhood stamps at Christmas for that special statue; the tantalizing smell of homemade glazed donuts wafting up from the basement right before Holy Communion (in those days, you fasted from midnight on!); trips with my brothers and sisters to the tiny, wooden-floored department store in town for that special Mother's Day or Father's Day gift; the twilight ice cream socials with homemade ice cream and games of hide and seek. And best of all, the church picnic we all loved so much. There were races even for the smallest, and the much sought-after prizes. The baseball games I loved, all followed by the mountains of delicious food. Life was for the Catholic. Even the President shared our religion! Pope John's changes had not yet made a dent, our parents loved us and each other, God loved us, and life was good.

St. Michael's school closed several years ago although the church still functions. The town itself is not much changed; the neat little shops, Gamble's, the theatre, are all still there, even our old white house. The church has fared better than most of its kind. So many stand vacant and mournful along highways and country roads across the land, emptied at the hands of Vatican II, whose purpose it was to unite us. They decided for us, without virtue of our consent, and robbed our children of their birthright: free access to good Catholic schools in every community, a

church in every town, much needed support for the family — the continuation of a nearly 2,000-year-old process begun by Christ, known as Roman Catholicism, as it existed in the hundreds of years prior to Vatican II.

It will take traditional Catholics years to rebuild what was so wantonly destroyed. Perhaps with prayer and perseverance, our grandchildren can enjoy the beautiful, simple city life in a Mulvane, or Byers, or an Elizabeth . . . .

P.S. — It is with great compassion and empathy that I read the many letters printed in Newsnotes from Catholics who have temporarily lost their way either through marriages not sanctioned by the Church or any of the many other pitfalls so commonplace in today's world. I cannot help but feel that many of these sad, unhappy situations could have been avoided had the established Church only remained true to tradition and lighted the way for all of us. Especially heartbreaking are the situations of so many young people, not prepared for today's world by either their parents or the Ecumenical Church. For if dedicated priests, nuns, teachers and parents do not illuminate our youthful pathways, then what can we expect of youth? This world is a treacherous place, even for religious. Its traps are sharptoothed, and many, and it is quite easy to buy the modern-day philosophy; so much easier than trying to swim up stream against an ever stronger current. And it is lonely as well.

The task of perpetuating the faith through home instruction is probably one of the most difficult with which we, as parents, are faced. And with only a few traditional schools in the country, it is the only way we can propagate the traditional faith and assure future generations of its continued existence. This is especially true for a one parent family, or families where only one parent is a (Traditional) Catholic. Many of these lack the support of their extended families, even of their own husbands or wives, and indifference is just as bad as outright opposition. If one can remember to pray daily, and attend Mass regularly, strength will grow. And even though we all stumble and fall from time to time, God is with us. He knows He has placed us on this Earth during times of trial and tribulation, and He has anticipated our difficulties. But if we can only keep plodding our way, slowly but surely, to Him, then surely our perseverance will be rewarded. I am reminded of verses from a poem often used as a comfort to the bereaved. ". . . God hath not promised skies always blue, flower-strewn pathways all our lives through." It is my belief that Traditional Catholics are fighting one of the most important battles in the history of the world. We are fighting for more than just the survival of the True Faith; we are fighting for the survival of the entire planet. We may be asked to make many sacrifices before our task here is completed, the least of these being our total dedication to the Traditional cause. But, as so often is the case, the reward will be equal to the struggle. Thank God for sending us our Traditional priests and mentors! May God continue to give us the courage and strength to battle on!

ROSARY NOVENAS

RELIGIOUS devotion, public or private, for the duration of nine days to gain special graces, is called a Novena. Those who perform it with a lively hope of having their request granted, and with perfect resignation should it be refused, may be assured that Christ will grant some grace or blessing, though in His infinite wisdom and mercy He may refuse the particular favor which they implore.

Novenas originated in imitation of the Apostles who were gathered together in prayer for nine days from the time of Our Lord's Ascension to Pentecost Sunday. However, care must be taken lest the power of any Novena be limited to the number *nine* rather than perseverance in fervent prayer.

The practice of saying the Rosary nine times in the form of a Rosary Novena in *petition* or *thanksgiving* is another way of heeding Our Lady of Fatima's admonition to *Pray the Rosary.*

The 54 Day Novena Devotion which originated in 1884 at the Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompei, consists of the daily recitation of five decades of the Rosary for twenty-seven days in *petition* and five decades for twenty-seven additional days in *thanksgiving.* In reality you will be making three Novenas *in petition* for *a particular favor* and three Novenas *in thanksgiving* for *a particular favor.*

1st day say the 5 Joyful Mysteries.

2nd day say the 5 Sorrowful Mysteries.

3rd day say the 5 Glorious Mysteries.

4th day begin again the 5 Joyful Mysteries, etc.

The Family That Prays Together . . . Stays Together.

THE Family Rosary is the Rosary recited *aloud together,* by as many of the family and their friends as can be present, or even by only two. Any family may say the Family Rosary in any suitable place and at any time. The most convenient time is after the evening meal.

THE FIVE FIRST SATURDAYS

Mary's Great Promise at Fatima

THE Five First Saturdays are intended to honor and to make reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary for all the blasphemies and ingratitude of men.

This devotion and the wonderful promises connected with it were revealed by the Blessed Virgin at Fatima, a small village in Portugal. Our Lady appeared to three children there in 1917, and one of the little girls, Lucy, tells us that she said: *I promise to help at the hour of death, with the graces needed for salvation, whoever on the First Saturday of five consecutive months shall:*

1. *Confess and receive Communion;*
2. *Recite five decades of the Rosary;*
3. *And keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, with the intention of making reparation to me.*

PREPARING FOR DEATH

by Father Oswald Baker

It is a practice very profitable to the soul to reflect often, "One day I must die". And to contemplate what death is, and its effects. For the body, corruption in the grave. For the soul, instantaneous submission to the judgement. There is a death, a judgement, an eternity. It behooves us to make sure that we live as pilgrims on this earth, remembering that we must speedily leave it. We should live with death ever before our eyes, and in all the affairs of this world take care to act as we shall at the point of death wish to have acted. You must die. You will probably die when you least expect it. The moment of death will decide your lot for eternity. The word eternity is ultimately incomprehensible, yet we should ponder - eternity. Eternity alone deserves our care and solicitude. Think of death as the gate to eternity. Am I ready to die? Should I be satisfied at this moment to appear before God as my Judge? Since I was last at Mass and Holy Communion have have I acquired any degree of virtue, conquered any degree of vice? Do I perform all my duties to the full satisfaction of my conscience? If the answer is Yes, is my conscience as delicate as it should be? If No, let us be practical. The measure of our fidelity to God on earth will be the measure of love which God will have for us, and we for God, for all eternity. Love for God should be the motive impelling us to climb the steep, narrow, rugged road that leads to eternal life, the happy home of the saints. The successful quest for Heaven requires that we regularly consider the present state of our soul, to ascertain what more we should do, and what we should omit, to ensure our salvation. Consider the duty of gratitude. Do you realise and appreciate the value of the graces and benefits you have received? Your preservation from mortal sin, your increased facility in overcoming difficulties? In these fantastic times, your hold on pure and integral Catholic truth? Your recognition of the true Catholic Mass and access to it, when countless souls have been led astray? Have you responded to God generously? prayed more fervently? conceived a more ardent love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament? It is quite certain that innumerable Catholics have now no longer the Real Presence on their 'altars'.

Consider the basic virtue of humility. Do you ever act or speak with a view to attracting the esteem and praise of others? Or do you keep silent on matters or occurrences which might gain you applause? Do you ever fulfil your duty better, or affect to appear more pious, when seen, than when not observed by anyone? If you have spoken in criticism and depreciation of yourself, have you done so intending to draw on yourself the praise of others, or hoping to pass for one who is humble? When others speak in praise of you, do you artfully contrive to keep that conversation going? Your humility - how genuine, how real, is it? What of your charity? Is charity your favourite virtue, as it was Our Lord's? Do you patiently bear with the defects, weaknesses, imperfections, of others? Or do you talk about them? Even exaggerate them? Do you ever blame others inconsiderately? If you have a natural aversion to someone, do you indulge it, foster it? Even show it outwardly? Do you try humbly and discreetly to render yourself amiable to others? Your charity - how genuine, how real, is it? Are you self-assertive - use 'I' and 'me' a lot in conversation? Are you more concerned with your rights than your duties? Has it ever occurred to you to deliberate on the noble kind of right you ought to enjoy and assert if you are to be an ardent self-sacrificing, heroic friend of Jesus? If you are to live in close union with Our Lord, you have a right: to be humiliated, to be firmly corrected and rebuked, to be ignored and despised, to live in the charitable service of others, to be expected to do the most humbling and repugnant chores, to be regarded and treated as useless, to be unjustly blamed, to rejoice when you are scorned as a fool, to be the crucified friend of Jesus crucified. And if by your reactions and conduct you derive profit from such rights, you will have the right to live and to reign eternally with Jesus crucified.

CAMPING

by Gloria Trujillo

Of all the magic moments when calm is everywhere and man can let his soul stretch and relax, anyone will tell you that the best is the moment just before dawn when you are camping in the mountains. You gaze up at the lofty peaks, listen to the music of the birds, and you can hear the song of the stream as it meanders in and out of rocks. You can also hear the chattering of chipmunks as they awaken and start their day, and you feel the cool breeze that the trees make on your arm. This is the time when you feel closest to God.

Then the sun rises over the horizon. It doesn't appear little by little; but it arrives very spontaneously and in brilliance. One minute it was dark, and the next it is light; just as though someone had pushed a button.

It's a pleasant scene to remember at the end of a working day when nothing seemed to go right; when the demands of life seemed too hard to bear, and when you felt like giving up.

The solution is, relax for a moment as you turn your thoughts to the quietness of the mountains, the breeze of the trees on your arm, and the music of the birds. Listen for a moment to the song of the stream as it meandered in and out of the rocks. Then remember (and smile to yourself at the fears and tensions) that tomorrow things will be better and God will help you if you will just pray to Him and ask Him for Guidance in your life. He is the one who will give you inspiration and courage.

VOCATION HYMN

Air: Mother Dear, Oh, Pray for Me.

Mother dear, oh, pray for me,
And beg that I may see
The path in life which God, our Lord,
Has fashioned out for me.

O Virgin Mother, from thy throne
so close to Jesus' heart,
Direct my mind, make strong my will
To dare to do my part.

Mother dear, oh, pray for me,
And keep me close to thee,
That Thy dear Son may bend from Heaven
And whisper, "Follow Me!"

Second Verse:

Mother dear, oh, pray for me,
That childhoods' hopes so bright,
May grow and strengthen with the years,
Immune to pleasure's blight.

The world has pleasant paths to show,
Ambition's call is strong.
Who seeks to serve with Christ the King
Must struggle hard and long.

Mother dear, Immaculate,
Oh, keep me close to thee,
That thy dear Son may bend from Heaven
And whisper, "Follow Me!"

QUOTES FROM THE BOOK "HAPPINESS IN THE SEMINARY"

by Father Anthony Wolf

".....God cannot use a man as an instrument for great things, till that man knows how to adore, and what true humility is... He chooses those who know that they are nothing to confound those who think they are something. You can easily see that the conditio sine qua for a great life is a solid, clear understanding and realization, and acknowledgement of one's nothingness."

".....True adoration and selfishness cannot be found on the same road... Self-love or love of God -- choose. This is the turning point in all spirituality. Your whole life resolves about this choice as about a pivot. If this is wrong, everything is wrong, and is hard to make right. If this is right, it is fairly easy to bring other minor discrepancies into order. God enlighten you and strengthen you to choose rightly!"

JUANITA CASTRO'S LETTER TO PRESIDENT CARTER

An important letter which received very little publicity other than in the Miami area was addressed to President Jimmy Carter and read as follows: (Quote)

Sir: My name is Juanita Castro. I am the sister of the Communist dictator of Cuba, Fidel Castro. However, I am also a Cuban woman in exile who loves her country and has put its liberation above personal gain and family ties. I have chosen liberty, Christianity and patriotism over slavery, atheism and treason. You, Mr. President, must now choose how your name will go down in history. I speak to your conscience, Mr. President, and through it to that of the American people.

I come to remind you of those killed by Communist Cuba's firing squads for trying to be free. I come to remind you of Communist Cuba's concentration camps and jails where torture and murder are everyday occurrences. I come to remind you of the enslaved people of Cuba muted by terror and waiting, hoping and struggling for liberation. I come to tell you that those who state that the lifting of economic sanctions against Cuba and/or the establishment of relations with its Communist government do not constitute condoning or accepting its actions are wrong. This argument would not have stood up to the realities of an Auschwitz or a Dachau under Hitler's Germany and ring hollow and bankrupt before the realities of their counterpart in Communist Cuba.

I come to ask you why, after your pronouncements concerning Human Rights, you do not vigorously advocate that these be respected in Cuba before even trying to renew relations of any kind with the Communist government of Havana. I come to remind you of the congressional resolution of October 3, 1962 and of the innumerable conventions, doctrines and treaties that oppose such action. I come to remind you of all of the presidential promises, and, yes, Mr. President, of your campaign promises and especially of that day in Florida when you shouted: "Democracy Yes, Castro No."

Last but not least, I come to warn you, Mr. President, that my brother Fidel Castro and the international Communism he represents are not interested in this country's friendship but only in the economic gain that would accrue to his regime from this move and in the increase of his political prestige in the eyes of the world that such action would bring.

At the beginning of your War of Independence in 1775, Benjamin Franklin wrote to his old friend in England, William Straham: "Look upon your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations!" Mr. President, I submit that your decision in this matter might well determine if you will ever be able to look at yours. Yours respectfully, Juanita Castro (End of Quote)

The Herald of Freedom - May 19, 1978

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Traditional Catholic author Mary Martinez toured Colorado last November at the beginning of our "snow season". My congenial middle-aged dog didn't seem to mind the two feet plus we received in the December 8, 1978 storm. It rarely gets much deeper than that here at any one time during the winter.

Sunday afternoon, September 9th, Our Lady of Victory Chapel in Aurora, Colorado, held its annual parish picnic at a nearby city park. Thanks to Pam Olson of Loveland, some of the joyous action was captured on film. In the upper left: Sister Rita Lawrence & Sister Alice.

Rosemary & Clarence Schneider of Westcliffe, parish leaders at Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel in Pueblo, Colorado.

Bill & Joan Hornung, parish leaders at Our Lady of Fatima Chapel in Stratton, Colorado.

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The light of thy body is thy eye – Luke 11:34

It is reported that tests show that when a person looks at something or someone he likes, the pupils of his eyes grow larger. When it is something unpleasant, the pupils contract.

We can adjust what we say to conform with what we feel like revealing, but we have no control over the way our pupils respond.

They say that a poker player would do well to pay close attention to his opponent's pupil responses when he draws cards to fill out his hand. If his pupils grow larger, he probably got what he wanted. If he is disappointed, the pupils are likely to contract. If his response is neutral or bored, pupil size is likely to remain the same.

Jan & Carl Bollinger of Olathe, Colorado, enjoy a moment with Father Placid White of Aurora. The Bollingers had their 15th child this fall.

Did you know that:

When everything is coming your way, you're probably in the wrong lane.

Seven prayerless days make one weak.

The toughest job in life is to correct a mistake without admitting we made it.

POPE JOHN'S ELECTION

From Cardinal Heenan's book, THE CROWN OF THORNS, P. 366.

"There was no great mystery about Pope John's election. He was chosen because he was a very old man. His chief duty would be to make Monsignor Montini, Archbishop of Milan, a cardinal so that he could be elected Pope at the next conclave. This was the policy of the Cardinals and it was carried out precisely. That will present no problems to posterity."

SANGRE DE CRISTO NEWSNOTES

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